The Old Plainsman, in a Mood to Talk, Chats of Some of the "Plain, Ordinary Men" Who Possessed Both Nerve and Courage -Both Being Needed. (Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.)

Already, as the years go by, those here in the man down the charge. Some its failed with a perture question of the control of

The information came grudgingly, but I cried again.

"Young fellow." said Mr. Masterson, thaking a warning finger. "lake it from me, you're wasting your time. I'm not my own press agent, and no one else is f I know it. I wouldn't have a press agent for a gift. I'd as soon have a lap log. Huh!

"If there's anything that makes me ired." he went on, severely. "its these roung fellows who insist on writing a lot of trash about events that happened wenty years before they began yelling for heir living. If they'd tell the truth it youldn't be so bad, but they have to dress t up and tell the public that a peaceable nan like me has twenty-seven notches on its gun. Now, don't, you say anything thout those notches and I'll let you have fow unvarnished facts."

"About some one else".

"Plain, Ordinary Men."

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"Plain, Ordinary Men."

"Practisely," he said dryly. "You could rite a book about each of those boys I used to run with. But just the same they were just plain, ordinary men, who could shoot straight and had the most utter courage and perfect nerve—and, for the most part, a keen sense of right and wrong. So you see they were just plain, ordinary men like you and me."

I let it pass.

"You distinguish between courage and nerve?" I asked.

"It's a distinction that's vital," he replied, "Every one out there had courage. I suppose. But nerve is different. Nerve was the quality that marked the great gun fighters. Most men lack it to a greater or less degree. It's hard to define it, but I should say that it was that finer kind of courage that allows a man to be deliberate and careful at times when most men fall all over themselves in their haste to get ahead of death. I lon'l know what it is, but it marks every great fighter. I knew a man named harlie Harrison in the old days. He was he most brilliant performer with a pistol of any man I have ever seen and he could shoot straighter and faster than many of the great fighters, yet when he got into a scrap with a man named Jim Levy, he missed him with all six shots at close range before Levy could reach for his weapon. Levy coolly dropped him with a single, shot. Harrison was brave, but he had no nerve, you see.

"In reckoning up the qualities of the men of that country you must remember that to the kind of shooting which you see nowadays only on the stage they had been trained since they were boys. Not only that, but they were in perfect bealth from their out of door life. Perfect physical condition is half the battle in this matter of courage. Men like Wyatt Earp and Wild Bill could do wonderful things with their fists and Wild Bill could have licked six ordinary men with his bare hands. They were something more than crack shots.

"Of course their accuracy with the pistol was marvelous, and they could sure do the tricks—even those you read abou

"Of course their accuracy with the pistol was marvelous, and they could sure do the tricks—even those you read about in dime novels. I remember a favorite stunt used to be for a man to put a fast horse at full speed and then put all six bullets from his gun into a tree eight inches in diameter as he rode by it. Now when you come to think of it." he smiled, "lit reminds me of a fellow whom I'll call Bill Smith, since that isn't his name, they got sore at me one day and just mooned around aching for a scrap. His hand would hover lovingly near his gun, and every time he'd make a motion I'd say: Now, Bill, you be careful. Don't you draw that gun, Bill, because I'll sure pepper you if you do.' Well, he kept it up, mad as a wet hen and getting madder. Finally he yanked out the iron. He happened to be a good friend of mine or it would have been his finish. As it was I just shot his gun out of his hand. We made up later. He's a hig detective in Denver now. Yes, we knew a lot about hardware."

He chuckled at the recollection before

ist snot ms gun out of his hand. We all the chief of police of that is ade up later. He's a hig detective in his prime, and, chancing to notice the ardware."

He chuckled at the recollection before e went on. "The first gun we had out here was the old cap and ball six shooter. here was a little steel ramrod fastened longside the barrel and aligned with the hambers of the cylinder. It was necessary to pour in the powder, then the ball,

mouth filling tale to the crafty questioner.
One of these men who often is seen in the cool places of the Great White Way frequently finds himself pointed out to the curlosity seeker as the king of the gun men, and it makes him angry. Persons who know this man well hall him as "Bat." Others call him Mr. Masterson.

For twenty years, while the early west was a place of tunuit, he was one of these who roamed the prairies of the vast territory lying between the Missouri river and the Mexican border.

Huffalo hunter, Indian fighter, cow puncher, sheriff, city marshal—he was of the leaders of that reckless horde who grauments were hullets and when the only arguments were hullets and when men if the humber notches from their guns. In friendship cemented by common perils he was the close comrade of such men as Wild Bill Hickok. Wyatt Earp, Luke Short, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday, Buffalo Bill and scores more, all of them men around them in nerve, skill with their weapons, qualifites of leadershlp, resource-luiness and brains.

Unfortunately for the would-be historian, William Barclay Masterson is modest. When pointed out to me by an eager bell bow he was placidly smoking a cigar and radiating an atmosphere of peace ineffable. He looked up with a pair of very steady blue eyes, and his voice gave a curlous impression of nerves that would not easily vibrate. A smile filekered over his face at my tentative question and he nodded his head slowly.

"The information came grudgingly, but iffed again.

"Young fellow," said Mr. Masterson, thaking a warning finger, "lake it from

"BAT" MASTERSON

"Bat" Masterson in the Stirring Days of Dodge

PRIVATE FIGHTS

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day, wants to become Johnson's man-nger. The big negro looks down and pats Sig upon the head with an indul-gent caress every time anything is said about the managership. At this kind and considerate attention Sig purrs out loud and struts about like a turkey gob-bler. As a manager Sig might operate a toy automobile but there his possibilia toy automobile but there his possibilities cease

Has Quit Boasting.

George Little, former manager of Johnson, believes that Langford could Johnson, believes that langford could give the champion a pretty close run in a forty-five round fight. However, Boston Sam has had very little boasting to do since Johnson showed his mastery over Jeffries. Before July 4th Langford made a number of disparaging statements about the black champion, anying that Johnson was afraid of him and other things to that effect.

OWNER OF LEMBERG PECULIAR CHARACTER

Continued From Page 1.

showed conclusively that there was not showed conclusively that there was not a horse in England of any age able to give him a gallop. Already he has women's 200,000 for his owner, and by no means has he yet reached the end of his career. With a change of sires, Galicia seemed to do even better, for she got Lemberg from Cyliene, and though he just failed to land the two thousand, he won the Derby in record time, showing himself to be a wonderful colt. "Mr. Fairie" has dabbled in the racing game since 1887, the year his colors, white, orange sleeves and cap, were registered. A Group of mous Grin-Fight-

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NOTICE.

inaries to this day. He then fied to Dodge City, where I hard met him. He kept out of trouble in Dodge somehow, but presently wandered to Trinidad. Colo., where the first thing he did was to shoot and seriously wound Kid Colton. Then he escaped to Las Vegas, a boom town in New Mexico, where he disagreed with Mice Colton the first thing he did was to shoot and seriously wound Kid Colton. Then he escaped to Las Vegas, a boom town in New Mexico, where he disagreed with Mice Colton the first thing he did was to shoot and kid Colton. Then he can be compared by Doc Holliday, a boom town in New Mexico, where he disagreed with Mice Colton the first thing he did was the first thing he did was to shoot and kid Colton. Then he can be compared by Doc Holliday, a boom town in New Mexico, where he disagreed with Mice Colton the first thing the firs Mexico, where he disagreed with Mike Gordon and shot him dead in a doorway. Again he lit out see miles across country to Dodge City. He went to Arizona with Wyatt Earp in 1889 and took part in the famous battles of the Earp brothers in and around Tombstone. He died of consumption in Glenwood Springs. NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Buffalo Bill"

Dodge City's Fa-

From Left to Right-Top Row-W. H. Harris, Luke Short and "Bat" Masters Bottom Row-Charles Bassett, Wyatt Earp, W. McLean and Neal

Bill Johnson.

"They hunted down a Mexican named Florentine, whom they shot, and then, one by one, they got Frank Stillwell. Curly Bill and others who had a hand, directly or indirectly, in the war. Wyatt Earp is still living.

"We used to see a bit of Indian fighting, of course. The worst horners' nest I ever got into was the battle at 'Dobe Walls, on the Canadian river, in the Panhandle. There were twenty-one white men there, fourteen of us armed, and we kept off a force of a thousand Cheyennes, Klowas, Comanches and Arapahoes for two weeks. We lost three men and when they finally retreated they had lost eighty.

"There were two or three buildings

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RACE TO BE CLOSE

FINE THOROUGHBREDS FROM OLD WORLD

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nst Leon Riper, Ecole d'Equitation.
Ypres, and Lieutenant Landrain, Second
Chasseurs. Three teams competed for
the King Edward cup at Olympia recentity.





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bum in town began taking pot shots at him from unsuspected places, and Bill had to go skipping past alleys and street corners; especially on dark nights, till you'd have taken him for a ballet dancer Finally he began to feel the annovance. In response to his protest to the authorities he was allowed to carry two derringers. Beling a man of peace he advertised the fact that he had two shots comming on the next ambitious marksman and I never heard that any one went gunlag for him any more. If he had said he had one shot ready it would have served equally well.

"Wild Bill was a close personal friend of mine and he'd have fitted into the pages of a novel. He was a giant, six feet two without his boots, and built like a Greek god to the extent of 200 pounds of bone and muscle. He had broad shoulders, a slim waist, a forty-live inch chest, big bones and almost incredible strength. He'd have made the average heavyweight prize fighter took like fun. There wasn't a man in the west that could have touched him in a physical encounter. And then, as I have said, he was unexcelled as a gun fighter. Nature had added to his other qualifications a fine, handsome face. His full name was James Butler Hickok. I never knew him to seek a fight or to kill a man in any but a fair encounter. He wasn't as man in la may but a fair encounter. He wasn't as mare had added to his other qualifications a fine, handsome face. His full name was James Butler Hickok. I never knew him to seek a fight or to kill a man in any but a fair encounter. He was disable the man's counter however the control of the extent had been to have been decided to his other qualifications a fine, handsome face. His full name was James Butler Hickok. I never knew him to seek a fight or to kill a man in any but a fair encounter. How was fine, handsome face. His full name was James Butler Hickok. I never knew him to seek a fight or to kill a man in any but a fair encounter. How we include the him to a bysical carne in the first and the him to a bysical carne in the first

The Four Met Wy att, Virgil and Mor-gan Earp and "Doc" Halliday

Face to Face Com-ing Around a Cor-ner at a Ten Poot

Range and Opened

Pire from I

American Beauties, Too.

Miss Loula Long of Kanasa City of the King Gaward cup at Olympia recently.

Miss Loula Long of Kanasa City of the King Gaward cup at Carlotter and the King Gaward cup at Olympia recently.

Miss Loula Long of Kanasa City of the King Gaward cup at Carlotter and the Carlotter of the King Gaward cup at Carlotter of the Miss Loula Long of Kanasa City of the King Gaward cup at Carlotter of the Carlotter of the Carlotter of the Carlotter of New York, whose David Grey won the Fornatt cup for qualified hunters.

Faul D. Gravath of New York, and Editor that the Carlotter of the C